

“9gag only has four posters” and other poems by Yours Truly

> Brehs this doesn't even rhyme
t. William (((Shakespeare)))

Inshallah 9gag only has four posters

9gag only has four posters
My room only has one person
 Nobody lives in my city
I do not grieve; I have no tears

Inshallah Dikepocalypse

“Fuck you, you fucking hook-nosed kike,
 you fucking short-haired dyke,
 you fucking nigger-loving slut,
you fucking mouth-breathing mutt,
 you fucking chubby wench,
 you fucking unwashed stench.”

Inshallah the Revolution

PROLETARIANS, CLASS FEELIN REBELLIOUS
EMBARRASSED THEIR BOSSES BE TAXIN' THEM SENSELESS
THEY START FEELIN' ALIENATED, HELPLESS
'TIL SOMEONE COMES ALONG WITH A VISION AND YELLS
BITCH!!!
AN AGITATOR, CLASS COMPLICATOR
COULD START A REVOLUTION, POLLUTIN THE STATE, YO!
A REBEL, SO JUST LET ME REVEL AND BASK
IN THE FACT THAT I GOT EVERYONE READIN MY DAS [KAPITOL]
AND IT'S A DISASTER, SUCH A CATASTROPHE
FOR YOU TO READ SO DAMN MUCH OF MY ADS; YOU ASKED
FOR ME?
WELL I'M BACK, NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA
{*BZZT* FIX YOUR WAGE DILEMMA SHARE IT IN AND THEN I'M
GONNA
ENTER IN, OVERTHROWIN THE SYSTEM LIKE A SPLINTER
THE CENTRALISED ECONOMY, PLAN FOR THE WINNER
I'M INTERESTING, THE BEST THING TRANSGRESSING
INFESTING IN LOWER CLASSES EARS AND NESTING
{*BZZT* TESTING, ATTENTION PLEASE
FEEL THE TENSION, SOON AS SOMEONE MENTIONS ME
HERE'S MY TEN POINTS, MY TRUE IS FREE
A NUISANCE WHO SENT? YOU SENT TO ME?

*Akka bakka
bonka rakka,
etla metla
sjong dong,
filifjong
issa bissa topp*

Inshallah the Magic Mirror

I once pursued a mirror
That would find you your desire
And when looking in its depths
 I could not find an answer
 To solve my only question
 I found a means but no end
Without heart letters will not send

Inshallah the Moonlight

May moonlight fall upon your breast
May god send wind to lick your lips
The river flows beneath your comb
Granite, pines
Silver, shine
Green velvet throne
Folding in, folding in
The water brings
The flower string
Folding in, folding in
The water sings
The black horse scream
May planets crash
May god rain ash
To sear our skin
To fold us in
Kneeling close
Seeking hands
Our blood is warm
But what comes next?

Inshallah the Martyr's Love

Drunk on love you fall to drunken stupor
 You promise her "this too shall pass"
Of course you would fight and die for nothing
 Hypocrite that I am, I am but dust
 No man would not fight for their beloved

Arabic wymins

No western wymins ass is class

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Art School Master Thesis by Quentin Tarantino

They say Salvador Dali's best works
were painted with a brush made of human hair.
Knowing this, all the USSR painters
were supplied with brushes of human hair
harvested from small villages in Chechnya.
When it comes to painting Soviet posters,
only the finest could do,
but then the small details started looking
like elephants with long, twisting legs
and dreams melting into sand.
Accordingly, they were shot, the painters,
and the Chechens, too.
And they tried again with wolf hair^[1].

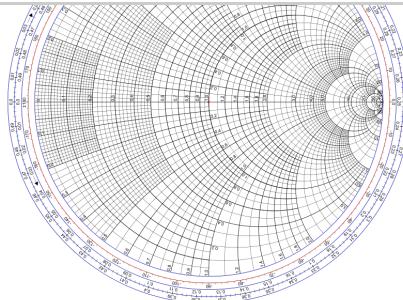
An Ode to Theophilus Marzials

Big drops
Plop
Plop
Sad drops
Flop
Drop!
Over the wet boards
Of the brown ship
Water hoards
In brown shit
Plop!

Inshallah Luck

Our struggles are ambrosia
Our fortune just despair
Hell's an absent king
There is no torture there

No dust is not divine
No passion not inspired
No deathly kingdom but
The choice to look away



The Smith Chart

A Smith chart is an arcane thing,
the myriad circles in a ring,
reflection's own most complex graph-
above this line, inductive half;
capacitative here below,
while round and round does VSWR^[2] go.
More stable here, less noisy there,
and power must be max'd whene'er
a conjugality is found
'twixt source and load, says judgment sound.
Now, by its study to divine
robust high frequency design.

This space left intentionally blank

by Anon

Inshallah 14 daughters

Now twist it up in plum and straw,
and the blue bell calls: Come here, 17 you get!
In peace you listen to where you drive,
and sing about your empty life.
Now lay down in plums and berries,
the sky is high and peace is close,
there is no place as holy as here
in fourteen daughters about Sammar'n.

But the sun shines on culture and the crotch
and ears that are old do not mind you.
Homemade things ~~net~~ nailed hv a knife

in fourteen daughters about Sammar'n.

But those who should protect our legacy
with mashed potatoes, iron plow and harrow,
they are traveling to the city, here they go and drive,
and the little boy's who built his whole life?
But you who have no skills, you who came forth,
You know and know: It's no shame,
to bend deep for the doorstep and tram!
(in fourteen daughters about Sammar'n.)

WE SAW (Feel free to edit it, i dont know what the fuck it is ;)

There is a display in the law
and sleek swabs and silk fungus.
They would have turned away,
but the choir's wool:
Chem is eager to ...
Dare to say ...
It did not flew on long legs
against the promise, eyes and smatters,
and the heart chop and bump into the chest
and my breath was like:
Love the ears to!
Love the ears to!
Well, they're going to be too bullied and bullied,
she knew the lake,
she stepped in the high street from the wounded,
she would win
when she sighed down ...
when she sighed down.
And the water lay awake and waiting
and the moon grew and whispered,
and shovel shovels into black lizards.
Then a cry came in
from the farm,
from the farm.

And the water seemed to clear the roof
and we bleed like owls do,
and the moon sailed on the sky
and whining creaking
and went as before,
and went as before.
She came to tell Lom, now is a carriage
and nail tiles take day and night,
but beautifully she was going to sing
and bright whining by the lake
hot easter to ...
kiss ears to.

Not a Waste Of Time

As we reflect on lonely years
Of bringing teenage girls to tears,
We take a seat.
Collect and compile our forces

Or those who wrote in view of GREEK
And don't translate and so we think
Must be fantastic.

Our numbers now we must admit
Are not as great as /k/ or /fit/
But we know better.
Since all they have are guns and gains
We'll trick them with our massive brains
Which really matter.

Old hats remember with some dread
Back when you couldn't read a thread
Without Marx.
These days /pol/ tries lure the weak
To reading Culture of Critique
And other larks.

Since Our philosophers decree
That we should always disagree.
We've separated.
The Sci-Fi and philosophy nerds
Against the recent-purchase herds
we fight, elated.

Some say that reading doesn't matter
But we prevail since we know better
Then read for fun:
And laugh at all those poor freaks
Who read a word without the Greeks
As we have done.

Pee Pee Poo Poo Boy

Oh, what a joy
To be a pee pee boy
Go pee pee like me
Pee pee everywhere I see
Oh, what a joy
To be a poo poo boy
Put poo poo in a shoe
Poo poo is all in view
I'm a pee pee poo poo boy
Pee pee is my plaything
Poo poo is my toy
I'll write an epic poem
With a poo poo crayon
Eating pee pee flan
In poo poo pee pee verse
Pee pee poo poo is my curse
Every day I have to flush
I get a little sad
But when I find a task
For pee pee poo poo
I am so very glad
If someone asks what brings me joy
I'll say the words most true
What brings me the greatest joy
Is being a pee pee poo poo boy

Nice romantic poems by poo pee

Hello, i am Dr. Sadler,
But they call me M'adler.
I got my twink boy Cliffy,
I'll give him my stiffy.

Inshallah the Aged Priest

a pastor knelt within the pew,

a bible in his hand.

no more could he deliver psalm

no longer could he stand.

the pain, the pain did cloud his eyes-
of aged ability.

too blind to wait on hand and foot:

a stigmatist was he!

Inshallah's Giant Shit

I asked if I could use the toilet,
but I shat straight in the kitchen sink
he said you may find somewhere else to shit,
but I said that my bladder was full,
and it hurts far into the rectum and certainly not far enough
I get drunk here and I'm squatting in the windowshade.
Well, someone showed me the way, but the butt was stuck
so they came up with a teaspoon of beech,
but if shit comes in my underpants
it's up to you.
To get to the toilet we had to go through the living room,
but suddenly, I knew that, I could not hold it,
I shat so hard that the neighbor's poop is missing.

It was a giant shit, it was a giant shit,
I shat so hard that the butt started to bleed.
It was a giant shit, it was a giant shit,
I shat so hard that the butt started to bleed.
It was a giant shit, it was a giant shit,
I shat so hard I thought I'd die.

It yelled and cried like in mom and dad's bedroom
and the room was just standing there and trembling,
and the neighboring troops thought that Germany was falling.
The wallpaper was brown as a negro
and it smells worse on a black man
and the whole living room was filled with black shit.
It was a giant shit, ...

On the carpet where I shook and scratched,
It was sent 114 times to Africa,
but I think it smells in his living room yet.
So now my friend became angry and resentful,
But maybe we will be friends,
If I buy a Wunderbaum for Christmas,
maybe we become friends,
if I buy a Wunderbaum for Christmas.

Mashallah brothers
God has willed this
Raindrop! Great globular mass
Weighing down the tulip petal
Wet grass and damp earth

Ah! The sweet days of spring
Never ending will they be

Inshallah the Muse

Oh Beatrice my waifu, you inspire my love-drunk hand
I ever long for your embrace, love, please unveil, show me your hair
deliver me from longing, God, I cannot wait to clean my lover's feet
Impious me, grant me your sight. I implore you:
God grant me the smallest of your light!

i am

i am
so wonderful
so magical

there it is
the flame of my hair

the grace
this godly quality of me
you must be so envious

of not being me

you pathetic man scum
you skin dangling
foul smelling
football watching

critter

hope one day
goddesses like me
rule
this brown earth

and under our manolo
blanik boots
you worms squirming

i like the sun

-r k.

The nigger

Tyrone and his squad, the bunch is truly odd.

As the night has arrived, the group of niggers strives
For a whitey to rape, the instinct of any ape.

There he stands, Chad T. Cock, right at 10 o'clock
Before a rather filthy block, engaged in vapid smalltalk.
With Stacy, his bae, whom he wishes to lay
But this very day, he will not get his way.

As the niggers come near, stacy's eyes express fear
But chad, the poor lad, turns around raving mad.
The niggers unleash their seminal beasts
Chad throws a fit, and so he gets hit
Ten pound monster cocks, and hard as a rock
Tyrone and the boys, the envy of soys
Doing the deed, relieving their need
Poor whitey gets creamed, sometimes double-teamed
Watching Stacy get fucked—Chad's turn to be cucked

Someone else finish this I'm too lazy, let stacy get raped and chad
forced to watch as he gets cucked ← --I think this ending is just fine,
you got exhausted of your own cuck fantasy, its a great thing. Leave it
as it is --What do you think of my ending OP?

Not OP here. It's OK.

Inshallah An Angel's Whisper

Under Heavens Divine sky the demon king stands on high
Where he walks all life dies
When the Great Stars Align
You will know your Time is Nigh
Yes all under Heavens Sky

Just For Laughs

Ever seen the Just for Laughs™ videos?
Its a hidden camera tv show
They show it in dentistry waiting halls
And at the subway

You can watch it all in mute
Because it's silent comedy
Just expressive faces
Just for Laughs

I see these and my soul
Fills on dread
Repulsion, revulsion

I see these grown up fellows
Playing pranks on unsuspecting people
Paid people
Everyone just laughs

No one gets pissed and punches somebody
When scared shitless by a stranger

That he likes to cum on toddlers cheeks

That his shit eating grin
Has eat actual shit in the past
A degenerate
A charismatic degenerate

Put there to make me laugh
For free
I don't go around making strangers laugh
Wouldn't that be the weirdest thing?

I'm not taking any of that
I'm not laughing OK

The Walking Cunt

Do not
I repeat
Do not treat a woman in your life
As if she was more than

A Walking Cunt

I did it and won
I stopped and i failed
You think you know stuff
But boy oh boy

She knows that it is this way
Carries away her life
Knowing this fact
It makes her wet

100%
100% ALL THE TIME
A walking incubator
A matrix for seeds to be spilled

A cobweb, a fissure of dark matter
A paradox
Knows nothing else
She's fine that way

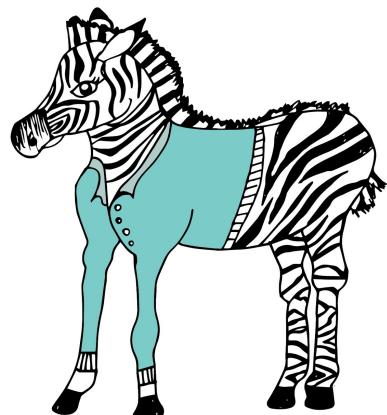
Give her what she wants,
She doesn't ask for more
But the man becomes soft
With time

Finger the cunt
Lick the cunt
Fist the cunt
Maul it out of shape

Abuse and torture the Cunt
Then you'll have a happy home

mouth
it feels like
dad.

-r k.



Inshallah the Crops

Moldy bread and spoiled milk
Are the pleasures of our time
No ambrosia is our feast
And no nectar is our wine

Your meal is the blood and sweat
Of one hundred other men
So you bless the land's good yield!
Or I'll make you meet your end

Now my father is dead, and mother is dead
And my sister smiles sweetly at her children
And I am alone in the house with a leaky roof.

Inshallah I Know Not What

What ho, what hey
What color is the sky today?
What sun, what moon
What boy to sing a lovely tune?
What song to sing and prance about
What warrior to scream and shout?
What Monster man with hundred eyes
What shadow creatures to surprise?

Idols

You may call me Legion
but truth the name is small
I am prince of earth
Everything and all

I am in your cupboard
I am in your den
Watch and be afraid
I am writing of your pen

I am false idols
Hanging on your wall
Prayers said to pastor
Santa at the mall

I am holy war
who mocks the prince of peace
I am filthy money
And your house's lease

I am sun and moon
Casting light on earth
I am other people
The mother who gave you birth

I am space and forces
Maybe time as well
I am not your lord, your God
I'm the Lord of Hell

But no matter if that's right
No matter if it's true
I am not so much
worth half as much as you

I am just a puppet
trapped inside a play
You may call me Golem
I am made of clay.

I am where you look
I am made of you
and when this dust is gone
I'll be gone

too.

Arose

What arose, you might ask?
Well nothing
You see

It was put there just
As a trick
A trick to the senses
A wordplay if you will

Arose: the poem
What a farce huh?

But now
Here's the trick:
Arose
A-rose

A rose?
Wow COOL stuff,
Now we're talking
But what kind of rose

Could it be a very thorny
Rose
An aggressive rose, all spikes
But small bud

Like a small,
tight vagina
Thorns will come later

A rose always has a smell
You can't separate one
From the another

What smell has this rose
Is it sweet, is it just
Whatever deodorant the
Flowery has

What if the rose ends up non smelling
At the hands of your loved one
What sort of rose could that be
Can you call THAT a rose?

I'd be suspicious
at the very least

No Girl

No girl(b
ut may

scary
would ev
er want
me

Snow

"Snowmageddon! Tonight!"
Aren't they clever with words?
as they crash fixie bikes
Into the street lights—
stupid. fucking. Hipsters.

The power
Of moms
Squirt
Haunts my
Dreams

They break down
The Door
Late at
Night

My head is in pain.
Must start thread on typing
Hi, I'm sick. : D

Bus card:
Elisabeth has lost the bus card ...
Help I have to find it.

He swallows a whole mandarin,
stuffed with butter and thinks
"What the hell?"
He draws his breath before he dies quietly.

it drops
in a formation of
etc.

"One plus one is three
I'm thus .. ohhh..a five "

"I see, look, things
That sounded a pling.
I !, now have to run!
otherwise, .. , a Jew, "

"Erectile"

Stand up
See it so

"Take a tampon inside the pie!"

My pussy hurts
The tampon was not small enough
It sounds so wet
I'm vibrating with my ass
And moan like an obsessed nigger
I'm going to cum
Trying to get the tampon out
I know the blood taste in my mouth
And close my eyes
I'm thinking of nice things
Small dead children
and myself suffering
As I go and go
And feel the pain pumping blood down there
POP
It's out
It is spewing blood
And I'm screaming out:
This was good!
I'm trying again ...

The smell

The smell of my bowels fills ...

...
Over the toilet to ...
Splashes Diarrhea jam

Oh ... the smell ...

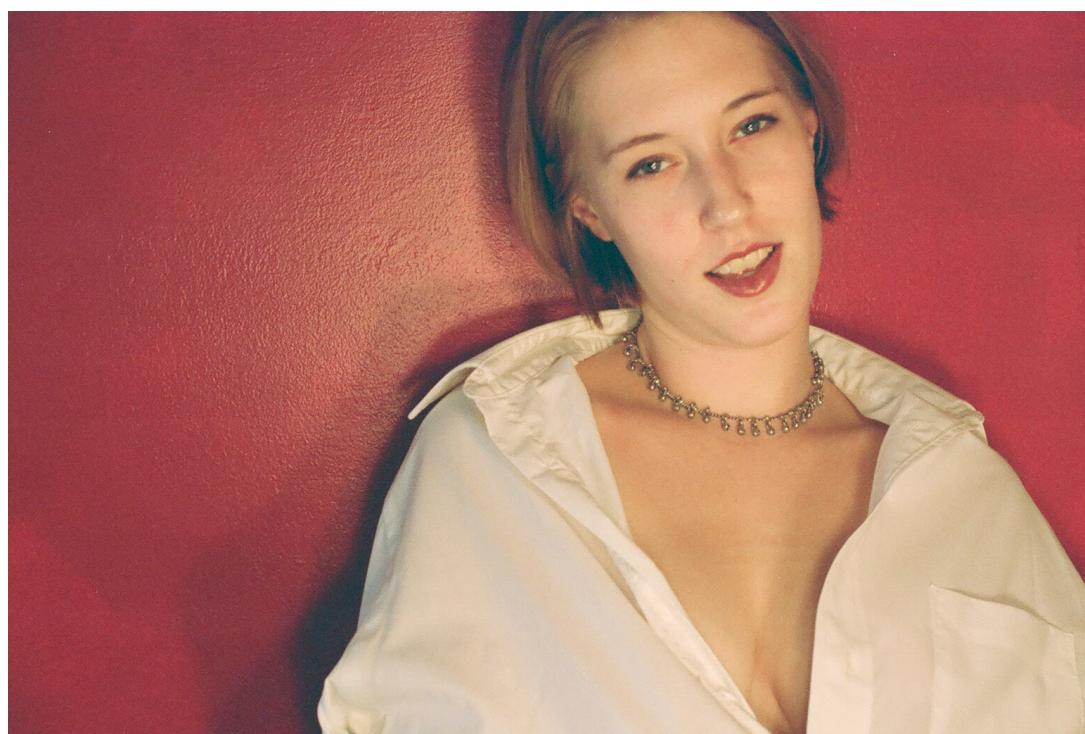
Burned sausages and lukewarm beer
and a body so deeply swole,
The beach chad is worn out after an extra long summer,
cook and flexed muscles to all who come.

And they say it a lot, D'moan

Constant electronic billboard replaced by crystalized cava
chandler
Bings a military aide, for revenge and the price of admission,
Chair packets revealed in a city paper, recycled with bloomers of
the golden bough
Alert announcements running for a judge and an STI.

11.

Your sexual characteristics burn into my brain as your lolling
drunken tongue in exclaim
Action haunts my hand and your echinacea daisylongs to be
stroked, puffy petals



KweenDace in bed with a lion licking her toes



Famous in American with legal eagle and the fly me outs

[1] (Years later, a wolf with nine brushes worth of hair missing smoked in a bar with neon lights and girls with bare feet. He was there for something. You could see it in his eyes. The sword of Damocles had hung over his head for eight long years. "That's the motherfucker," he mumbles to his associate. And just as the Soviet General turns around, drunk and dazed, three brushes in his pocket, the smokey bar fills with gunfire, flashes, and even more smoke.)

[2] Pronounced "vis-whir."